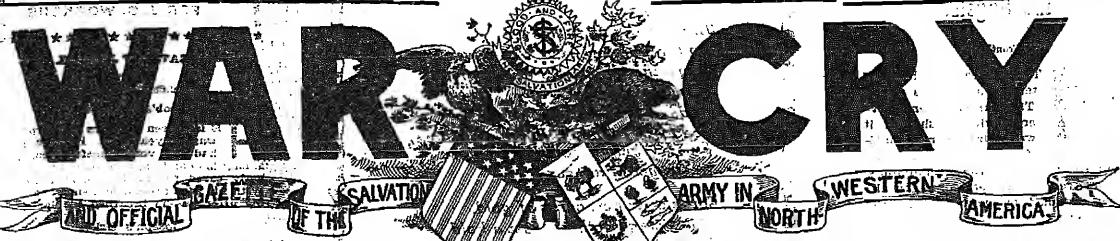


BE SURE YOU PURCHASE OUR THE CHARMING CHRISTMAS CRY.

# WAR CRY



VOL. III. No. 26. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, DEC. 18, 1897. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for North-Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



IT WAS NEAR THE HOUR OF TEN ON A WINTER'S NIGHT. (See Next Page.)

everlasting flame

to us is "COME, WE ARE NOW TO SEEK AND WHICH WAS LOST, LET HIM INTO THE WATER OF

a voice from heaven; I will be forgiven, bows for three!

ain springing on the tree; cleansing, bring

'ts for thee—mercy speaking, soul on Me; sin be breaking, ease for thee—

a dying, woe be free; unded, dying, me thee—

reven, a child shall be; of heaven, its for thee—

dwelling, shall be; will be telling or thee—

M AGAIN."

and, the Women's very interesting sign Oglevie, who dying bed of her paragraph or two, for the uniform: we were soon to get on the train as, I went to see and she said, "I a talk with you, running and sitting n beside her, and trouble about my lyvationist on the bank to." I believe to help her, she was alone, and a help her I was, seemed so short, road to us when e always forgot when lightning

IN CHILDREN'S

in the Children's s a little glimpse of a touching scene last night. I had ting and did till late and jan and two been trying to Station for the directed to the same about nine were bashed and and father a liquor. They to come home to sleep on the most comfort had for a long could be a good in's soul, so we ch side of the o promise to do it to the Temple d the following morning, ay how he was was alright. I ght road now." of a drunken e pitted. Your en more for his

ment has been hospital in Dub ends had been ulma, has had the eyelids of physicians are of the experi-

dal Gazette of published by S. A. Printing Street, Toronto.

[A Short Story.]

## Rescued by the Army and the Angels.

(See Frontpiece.)

**I**T was near the hour ten on a winter's night. The streets were covered with slush, and it was drizzling rain, half-freezing as it fell. The wind moaned about the corners of the old buildings, and swayed the rickety signs in the street occupied by pawn-brokers and rag-mongers.

Midway down the street an Italian dance-house, filled with a cursing mob of many colors, was in full swing, as a woman devoid of protection from the elements, staggered along, cast out into the street with her dying baby in her arms. Hungry and weak, with feverish baste, as much as her frail and tired body would allow, she went on towards the dark waters of the bay.

Dimly she heard the moaning wind and sounds of music mingled with curses. A little further on as she passed a drinking dive, the door was thrown open and a drunken man pushed out, who fell in a heap amidst the slush and mud. "To hell with you, to hell," and the door closed. This awful curse seemed, with the drizzling rain, to penetrate her very soul. "To hell," echoed down the street; it now lived and entered her brain, "Yes, my baby will go," then she laughed and sobbed. On they went, they two souls, precious souls, forsaken by man, barren of love, to be murdered by the world's neglect.

"My God, must it be so? Oh, my babe. To hell, to hell!" the very agony of the thought depriving her of reason. She held close to her breast the cold little form, and struggled along.

"Not far now, my babe, not far." Then something seemed to clutch her heart and her brain was on fire. She heard a great throbbing sound. It seemed to her like the pulsation of a monster heart. Boom, boom, boom it sounded. Then she heard singing, and the tramp of many feet. Boom, boom, boom, and all grew dark.

It was a cheerful room and the bright winter's sun shone in; the woman was just awaking back to consciousness and the world. Two kind faces were bending over her, sweet, patient faces, and a voice said, "Do you feel better, dear?"

"Yes," said the woman, "but my baby, where is he?" and the answer was sad, yet healing, "With the angels, my child."

## With the West Ontario Marine Band.

A Twelve Miles Tramp in a Downpour of Rain.

The experiences of the Marine Band are varied. Sometimes it is no trouble at all to interest a crowd, whilst at other times it is very difficult, but at all times God is with us.

Since last report we have not been idle or sleepy. We have been driving on to victory. We often hear people say, "Our trust is not in horses or chariots, but there is one thing, the Marine Band does depend upon horses and chariots, as that is our only mode of travelling. But while we depend upon our faithful team, Queen and Jess, to convey us from place to place, we still depend upon God to give us victory."

We spent one week-end at Southampton and God came very near, and after a hard day's fighting we had the joy of seeing one soul converted to God.

After leaving Southampton we drove to

See p. 8

*There's many up in heaven  
By the whip an' spur was driven.  
Why! the blessed Lord were given  
Out o' kindness.  
Cords of love He says to me,  
Don't sit round with hab'ash shoes,  
Dead o' helpin' folks be hev'ice  
In her blindness.*

*Cards of power, cords of gold,  
Won't stand nothin'. Get a hold  
O' the love that don't grow cold,  
That's what's drivin'.  
Wind it round the Cross, an' then  
When it slackens—wind agen;  
Takes some pullin' to land men;  
No see-sawin'.*

*Make the cords of love real strong;  
Have 'em strong—not over long—  
Such as bear with hurt and wrong,  
Doesn't mind it.  
Don't be allus fearin' loss,  
Taint a game o' pitch-an'-toss,  
You've a pull upon the Cross;  
Get behind it.*

*Ropes like them can't never break,  
Pull 'em hard for Jesus' sake;  
Never mind the stran'g they take,  
He'll supply it.  
When you've drawed 'em to the place  
Where they see His blessed face,  
They'll be pleadin' for His grace,  
Glad to try it.*

*When they're landed safe an' sound  
Don't sit down. Go stirrin' round  
For the others to be found.  
In sin pinin'.  
You'll forget the work an' care,  
When you see 'em all up there,  
In the Crown He's goin' to wear.  
Bright an' shinin'*

Kincardine and then to Tiverton. A full house but price. From Tiverton we went to Ripley. Here we had

An Experience Never to be Forgotten by the Band.

Our advance agent had not been able to get word to us with reference to the arrangements for our stay at Ripley, and therefore we boarded at the hotel for tea, and not having any billets arranged, our commander decided we should drive to Wingham, a distance of twenty-four miles. So accordingly at half-past ten p.m. we struck out for Wingham. We soon round the road very heavy, and about 3 a.m. in the morning we found our tents playing out. Four or five of the tents burst, about twelve miles, and the rain poured down upon us wetting us almost through. At four o'clock we called at a farm house, and asked the farmer, who happened to be an uncle of ours, to drive us to Wingham, which he willingly did, arriving at Wingham at half-past seven a.m., having nine hours and a half on the road.

When we found the people in a very poor condition spiritually, but God gave us a message and we delivered it to them.

After leaving Wingham we drove to Brussels. Arriving here we found everyone looking forward to our visit. After an open-air service we marched back to our hall which we found to be packed to the doors. Here God helped us to do a thorough work for Him.

Arrived at Millerton follows. Crowds and fanned good.

Stratford comes next. Here we were reinforced by the presence of our E.O. Major Southall. My, what a time we did have the Major leading. We had a fine crowd inside. Everyone seemed delighted with the visit of the band.

Mitchell is next on the list, but we must pass on to Seaford, where we are to spend the weekend. Arriving about

BE-MUCK WITH GOD AND YOUR FACE WILL SHINE.

THE GLORY OUTSHINES THE SHINE OUT OF BOTH OUR FACES AND OUR WORKS.

## ROCK HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

SALVATION ARMY.

SAL



## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER VISITS The Imperial City.

### SPLENDID AUDIENCE — ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

**A**T last I had chance to ask a few questions. This was absolutely necessary in order to write an intelligent report of something I had not witnessed myself. The answers were given freely by the lady officer who should have written this report according to the ways of men, but the ways of women are not always clear.

"Rush?" Of course, it meant we had to economise time. At 9:50 on the morning following, the big Montreal meeting we had to catch the train for Ottawa."

"Just so," said your humbleness; rather nervously, since he was entirely new and tender, and ignorant of the way reporters ought to proceed with their interrogations: "and—how do you find the weather?"

"Fairly cold; the streets looked like glass; the group of officers that had waited patiently at the station to welcome the field Commissioner appeared to be none too warm in spite of their big coats. Nevertheless, they warmly welcomed their leader with all evidences of gladness."

"Of course you had a good turn-out to the meetings?"

"Yes, that goes without saying. The barracks were abundantly decorated with numerous flags, colored bunting, very gay to behold; and pleasant without, but somewhat detrimental to our acoustic properties of the hall."

"What sort of reception did Ottawa give to Miss Booth?"

"Oh, a most hearty one, without qualification whatever. I thought that the bandmen were never going to stop blowing their trumpets."

"I should judge that the Commissioner was rather tired after her Montréal meeting and the tiresome journey?"

"Yes, Miss Booth was tired, but she rose up to the occasion, as she always does. She did splendidly, as we could easily deduced from the wrapt attention paid to her address."

"What subject was chosen for?"

"Miss Booth, as announced spoke on the subject, 'What is Niagara?' that of course is a very suggestive title."

"Will you kindly give me the chief points of the address?"

"That is very difficult to do, Mr. Zuker, as you well know. There are in the first place so many points in the Field Commissioner's addresses that it requires a very clever mind to say which are the best. We must also remember that the audience in the cities are less in the habit of the eloquent construction of her speech and other features are as essential to form a correct idea at all of her powerful influence upon her audience, as the points themselves."

"Just so, I know well that Miss Booth can bring life and fascination into her texts which are as strong as they are interesting, and I realize with you the difficult task of reporting any one of her addresses."

"Then you will not press me for details, but be rather glad that I am giving you a chance to let you off so easily."

"Just so. Thanks awfully. I am fearfully nervous, though, as I am sure the Ottawa people will blame me or the War Cry for putting such a green hand to the task of reporting this meeting. Is there anything else that you can tell me?"

"The Commissioner's children took part in the meeting. Dot sung in her own impressive way, 'I'm climbing up the golden stairs to glory.' Then Willie and Pearl rendered some songs and duets to the huge delight of the audience, which they captivated as usual."

"I would end with a prayer meeting,

I am sure!"

"Yes, I'm sure. I believe we should have had remarkable results, only for the fact that we had to close down quickly to catch the night train for Toronto."

"Thanks, very much. Brigadier Sharp says that the Ottawa people are very liberal in their praise of Miss Booth and will give her a cordial welcome back for a longer stay as soon as possible, so far as it can be arranged. In fact, The Brigadier has not the slightest doubt but that the results are highly gratifying to all concerned. Good-bye."

Neophyte Quizzier.

Ensign Fletcher has been visiting the Homeless Incredibles at Toronto and be-guiling them, some of them paid by the music from his guitar. He had a lovely time, visited the men and women, and then went around to the inmates of the wards who couldn't come. This is an excellent way for a young man to exercise his lungs and limbs.

## MIXTURES.

Now is the time for War Cry Brigades. Ensign McGorg is not feeling at all fit for duty yet.

The best organized corps will have easiest victory with the Christmas War Cry.

A new henry is being erected at the Industrial Farm to accommodate 1500 fowls.

Capt. Medick has been very sick, but is better again, for which we praise the Lord.

Have you seen the little dodger on the Christmas Cry for house to house distribution?

The nomination meeting on behalf of the Christmas War Cry will be a time of interest.

The War Cry expects to publish the names of all who will take part in War Cry selling in 1888.

Adjt. Hunter has been far from well since coming to Barre, and needs the prayer of faith.

Capt. Adams' reception meeting at the Princess Bink, Chicago, takes place Thursday, Dec. 9th.

Brigadier Rend held a farewell meeting and tea to Capt. and Mrs. Adams at the Children's Shelter, Toronto.

We are pushing J. S. matters and hope to have an increase by Christmas or New Years.—Brigadier Bennett.

We are confidently looking forward to the Christmas War Cry saving, sanctifying and blessing many who read it.

Lieut. Campbell is quite sick; has no under doctor's treatment and goes home on that account right away.

Brain heated, blood feverish, nerves astrill is the experience or some at the Editorial Office, Cause, Christmas Cry.

Ensign Peer's little boy is still very sick and is a great sufferer. Will all pray for the little boy that he may soon be well?

Mrs. Tilley has gone to Boston for a change and rest, and the Ensign, according to latest word to hand, is far from well.

Every living soul amongst us from the Atlantic to the Pacific should feel responsible to take a hand in the disposal of the Christmas Cry.

The officer in charge of the Boarding House Department on the Industrial Farm Colony is appointed chief night school instructor.

We are having beautiful times. Souls every week, St. Thomas is a fine place, two souls Sunday. One more last night.—T. Ford Barker, Capt.

The printing department have turned out a very creditable advertisement for the Christmas Cry which is to be displayed in all barracks.

The issue of the Christmas War Cry which is being placed on the Field this year is the biggest ever printed in the history of the Territory.

The preliminary posters announcing the General's visits were shipped from Territorial Headquarters this week. They measure 12 feet by 4 feet.

The War Cry and Young Soldier expect to publish early in the New Year the biggest list of War Cry and Young Soldier blasters for publication as per Commissioner's instructions in special pamphlet.

Field Officers?—On no account be late in sending in list of War Cry and Young Soldier blasters for publication as per Commissioner's instructions in special pamphlet.

Have you sent in your order for goods all over you from the Officers' Clothing Club? If not you should do so at once, as there are no to no to by Christmas. —Hotspur?

Ensign Stalder and Captain McNaughton have raised the War Cry forty copies during the last few weeks. Things appear to be moving in the right direction at St. Albans.

Capt. Milian in her last letter expresses her longing desire for the front of the fight, but her health is very bad and will detain her from the battle for some time to come.

Some folks say, "Send me ten Song Books with bill." This is one thing the Trade Secretary, generous soul as he is, will not allow us to do. Cosh in advance or C. O. D. is the rule.

A small mountain of correspondence has already accumulated between International Headquarters, Territorial Headquarters, and the various Provincial

Headquarters relative to the General's visit.

Capt. Ward of Pembroke, has a long-standing promise of a rest, that will not come under the new regulation, and she will be going right after that W— at Morrisburg, where she intends to be present.

A movement in favor of Christian unity in Canada has been inaugurated at Toronto. Rev. F. C. C. Heathcoat, of 21 Austin Avenue, is Secretary. Moy this and every other movement for peace and unity prosper.

In the midst of a great whirl of work the Field Commissioner has gone to the trouble to draw up specific instructions for all responsible for the disposal of the Christmas War Cry. See the booklet, "How to sell out."

Lieut. Barrett has been fighting against sickness ever since coming into the field and he will be compelled to have a change of work. The doctor says he must have hard manual labor and strong food. Fairway prescription that.

We have heard from Adjt. Ogilvie that his sister has passed away. All the officers of the E. O. P. will sympathize with and pray for the Adjutant and her two sisters who are both officers.—"Hotspur." God bless the bereaved.—Ed.

According to latest advice Colonel Holton was to start for California on Nov. 28th in connection with the Socio work there. We are almost breathless with interest in expectation of the developments on the Social Colony.

All the way from Spokane comes a "Personol" letter to the Editor inviting him to the wedding in the First M. E. Church of "Capt. Martha Moffatt and Ensign Joseph Barr." Sorry we cannot be present, comrades. Wish you useful and victorious future.—Ed.

"Perfect organization" is the buzz word in connection with the placing of the Christmas Cry before the people this year. Miss Booth has gone to the trouble of preparing an excellent pamphlet for the guidance of officers everywhere respecting how to dispose of the Christmas War Cry.

All local officers, including trustees, sergeants-majors, sergeants, and lieutenants are to be commissioned. Kindly call all the commissioners to your corps right away and send them to your D.O. In the case of the treasurer and secretary the D. O. will send them to the Provincial Headquarters.—"Hotspur."

LIVELY.—I am here only four weeks in this city of 1,500 people. Wild Western town. There is more happens here in a week than in a month in Canadian towns. Seven deaths, three cases of lunacy, two dangerous assaults—all this since I came. People laugh at death here. Surely out of such material something might be gotten. Good little corps here. We have every chance. S. A. O. K. here.—Capt. Talm.

Enrollment of Twenty Soldiers at St. George's, Bermuda, the Army's Latest Opening in the Island of the Lilies.

We have just had our first enrollment. The people were very anxious to know when we were to come, and the hour was picked long before the hour for the meeting. After the articles of war were read twenty stood to their feet, showing their stand beneath the Army Flag to light till death. The voice of God spoke to many hearts when our first Junior stopped to the front and was enrolled by the Adjutant. There is, I believe, but one smile a great work ahead for him.

Many others are in uniform and we have about twenty more awaiting their turn to enlist for God and Country. The Lord is good to us. Truly the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Lieut. Mercer and her assistant has been a great blessing to many in

Assisting Them with Food and Clothing and Looking After the Sick.

They are kept very busy indeed. I am expecting in a short time to open up a little hall for them to hold meetings for people who don't attend any place of worship.

We have spent a week-end at each of the city corps, and God gave us a blessed time indeed. We are looking forward for a blessed time this winter in the south-savvy line.

Yours affectionately,

## SOULS ARE SAVED, POOR PEOPLE NURSED.

Junior Work Advances in Newfoundland.

A LETTER FROM THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

I AM glad to say God is still blessing us on the island.

Right from the far North, where Ensign Newman and his brave soldiers are working, I received a letter this week stating that God is blessing them and that there are many

Souls Coming to the Lord and Getting Saved.

Ensign McRae, of the Twillingate District, has also written to say that they are preparing for a great soul-saving campaign this winter. Ensign Kenway has just finished up a tour through his District, and reports that God gave him a blessed time in every corps. Ensign Moes has just taken charge of the Greenspond District and writes saying that she has had a splendid reception and since then they have had some blessed meetings and a few souls have professed to get saved. Ensign Allan, of Harbor Grace, has had a grand at it. God is wonderfully blessed his labor there, and now she is preparing for

A Great Soul-Saving Time this Winter.

The Junior Soldier work is going to be a success on the island. The people are taking a great interest in it. We have taken the British Hall for a Juniors Demonstration on Christmas Day. Capt. Patten has a band of about 100 boys and girls under her learning the military drill, and I have no doubt she will have them well posted up for the occasion. Of course she is looking forward to the help of the City officers in the same.

The results of Harvest Festival was beautiful going over the proceeds of last year quite hit which has encouraged us for Self-Denial.

Every Officer and Soldier is Very Enthusiastic

over the same and should understand that we will reach our target. Although the financial standing of the island is very poor on account of the failure of the fisheries, yet we are determined to get there if possible. We have had to postpone the dates on account of the printed matter not arriving in time, yet from the letter I have received from the officers they seem to be in high spirits over it.

The Social Work is Still Progressing.

The Shelter in St. John's is becoming a great blessing to both the poor of the City and those coming in from the out-harbors. It is too small and we are applying for the under flat of it which has been used for other purposes, and I have no doubt we shall get it. We have a very comfortable Shelter here. There is also a great blessing to the poor, as our officers go round from house to house carrying a blessing to these poor people. Lieut. Mercer and her assistant has been a great blessing to many in

Assisting Them with Food and Clothing and Looking After the Sick.

They are kept very busy indeed. I am expecting in a short time to open up a little hall for them to hold meetings for people who don't attend any place of worship.

We have spent a week-end at each of the city corps, and God gave us a blessed time indeed. We are looking forward for a blessed time this winter in the south-savvy line.

Yours affectionately,

ALEX. MCMLIAN.

Provincial Officer.

A little religion can never keep us happy, but much of it will.

Also, that weeping prayers answered should not have laughing prises.

Poyer has far more to do with successful methods than most of us imagine.

Do unto the absent, when approaching their shrines, as you would they should do unto you.

As a rule it is not wise to tell all one knows, though it is always well to know all one tells.

The Lord's Day Alliance has petitioned the amendment of the Lord's Day Act so as to prohibit on that day the doing of business and work for all classes without limitation, with exception and in favor of those carrying the Lord's Day's Message or enroute passengers by way of through traffic, sellers of drugs and medicines, and other works of necessity and charity.

# THE WAR CRY.

## GAZETTE.

### PROMOTIONS—

LIEUT. MERCER, of St. John's Slim Post (Nfld.) to Captain.

CADET STICKLAND, of St. John's Social Institution (Nfld.) to be Lieutenant.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.



### THE GENERAL.

**M**ILITARY work is still progressing. It is written to say that they are preparing for a great soul-saving on this Island. Ensign Kenway finished up a tour round his Island and reports that God gave him a thrill in every corner. Ensign has just taken charge of the District and Districts are saying they have had a splendid reception. They have had some blessings and a few souls have got saved. Ensign Adams of Grange, is hard at it. God has blessed her labor there, and is preparing for

**Soul-Saving Time this Winter**  
Under Soldier work is going to be on the Island. The people are great interest in it. We have the British Hall for a Juniors' room on Christmas Day. Camps, a band of boys and girls, or learning, musical drill, and a doubt she will have them well up for the occasion. Of course, looking forward to the help of the others in the same.

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**Them with Food and Clothing**

**Looking After the Sick.**

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The Day Alliance was petitioned of the Lord's Day Act existing on the part of the doing is and work for all classes initiation, with exception and those carrying the Master's banner by way of traffic, selling drugs and other works of necessity.

## TERRITORIAL \* THEMES.

BY THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

**G**REAT interest is already centred in the coming tour of the General through the Territory, which gives good promise of being a tremendous affair from beginning to end.

His Excellency the Governor-General, has received the Field Commissioner at Government House with all that courtesy and kind consideration so characteristic of that distinguished personage, and has most heartily consented to take the chair at the General's meeting in the Capitol City of Ottawa, on Friday, January 28th.

We expect in the next issue of Territorial Themes to give a full list of charmers in the East and East Ontario Provinces, together with other features of the campaign, including Toronto. We might add, however, that the Massey Hall has been booked for our general assembly of February 3rd and 4th, also for the General's three public salvation meetings in Toronto on Sunday, Feb. 5th.

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Quite as we expected, the Commissioner's meeting in that beautiful and spacious St. James' Church, at Montreal, was an imposing affair. The church was more than crowded with a most influential and sympathetic congregation, whose interest and appreciation of the Commissioner's masterly effort was evidently of a very enthusiastic character. The other meeting, too, was most impressive, and in keeping with the Commissioner's meetings generally, was over-crowded.

No one regrets more fully, or feels more deeply than does the Commissioner, for those of our leading officers whose delicate state of health necessitates their speedy removal from their present commands—notably Brigadier and Mrs. Read, of the C. O. P., and Major and Mrs. McMillan, of Newfoundland.

Brigadier Read, despite an affliction of a painful and distressing nature, has bravely battled on and done his best in the cold weather has made it impossible for him to continue longer. He has now hopefully recruiting, to the joy and delight of both father and mother. Thank God !

Mrs. Major McMillan has been a great sufferer, too, for a long time, as has also their little girl treasure, who in a fit quite recently, fell and fractured her collar bone. Altogether, therefore, dear Major and Mrs. McMillan have had a very trying time. God bless them ! They are returning from the island about the middle of January.

It may be well, too, for you to be ready, for "the end is not yet"—this is merely the beginning, and probably you are among the number down for a shake-up shortly. Keep your all on the altar.

The St. Catharines new barracks is now an accomplished fact, and Staff-

Brigadier, who has just returned from the mining services, is showing his prowess of the good substantial and economical work put into the building by Capt. Cook and Freeman, who have been the chief promoters in the erection thereof. That may be a good method, too, for your corps to adopt, viz., undertake to do the work and raise the money, get Headquarters consent, and bidle to

The Commissioner has decided to move to Montreal the Headquarters for the East Ontario Province, as soon as possible. Sharp can arrange it. Good move that.

Capt. T. H. Adams, of Lisgar St., is now transferred to the United States, and is appointed to the command of the Illinois Rink, in Chicago. He is bound on racing duties there by the grace of God. Power to his elbow.

Did you read "Advanced Orders" of the new "Slogans"? There's narrow and faintly the soul of any man to take the trouble to prayerfully study it. I have just been reading a chapter or two myself, and that is the conclusion I have come to, or rather have been confirmed in, seeing that I arrived at that conclusion long time ago.

We are going to have another "Slogans" soon. You might therefore look it up and get your gun loaded ready.

Brigadier Read, Brigadier Read, Brigadier Sharp and Major Southall have been in glowing terms of their expectation as to the result of Self-Denial in their respective provinces. Some corps I know of had gone over their target earlier S.-D. week had scarcely started. Not so slow.

The men employed on the new Wood Limit, at Winnipeg, have given \$7.00 to the Self-Denial fund.

Golden opinions are being formed concerning the Christmas Cry—which opinions go up as the maturer rolls in. Evidently the special issue is going to be an eye-opener to more than one. That is not only the opinion of those who compose the Editorial Department, although I quite believe they are in it.

Although S.-D. is raging and every officer and soldier is naturally absorbed in the effort, it is gratifying to know a number of souls are getting saved. A number of the men of the G. R. C. Major Southall informs us of a batch of eight or nine years' standing, coming home to God, to salvation, and to the Army. Hallelujah ! We crave for a multiplication of the like.

There is just time before the close to '97, for you to make one more desperate attempt to get some sinner saved—some backslidden restored—some forgiven one sanctified. It, too, may be your only chance. One more mighty determined effort, therefore, like Samson's last, if you please.

**THE LATEST**—Ensign and Mrs. Fox are happy. They can now say, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

J. B. M.

### BIG DAY AT THE TEMPLE.

**Eleven Forward at the Penitent-Form:**

**Ten of Whom were for Salvation—**

**The Sub-Editor of the War**

**Cry Leads the Forces**

**on to Victory.**

(Special.)

A beautiful day of salvation was enjoyed at the Temple on Sunday, right from morning till night. The first service was held at 10 a.m., Adjt. James L. Page, sub-editor of the War Cry, was in charge throughout, and according to all accounts thoroughly won the hearts of the Temple corps and congregation. She speaks herself most enthusiastically of the fighting qualities of the soldiers who rallied around her, especially in the Sunday night prayer meeting in splendid form with the glorious results announced above.

**MAJOR AND MRS. GASKIN AND STAFF BAND AT RIVERSIDE.**

(Special.)

Red letter day at old No. 46. Major and Mrs. Gaskin's visit brought full houses afternoon and evening. One soul

at knee-drill, and four at night, one a splendid case. The Staff Band played superbly. Flannels doubled. Little Eva Gaskin's debut as a public singer. Soldiers and friends of the Riverside corps will remember the visit.—Attwell.

### GRAND FINALE AT FORT LISCAR.

**21 Souls in One Meeting for Salvation.**

**Brigadier and Mrs. Read and Adjutant Stanton's Farewell Sunday in C.O.P.**

**Spent at Lisgar St. Captain**

**and Mrs. Adams also say**

**Good-bye for Chicago.**

(Special.)

Crowded barracks. Offerings doubled. Great excitement. Tears. Roarings. Soldiers on fire. Friends deeply interested. Ease to the front. Divine influence manifested. Singing and addresses by Brigadier and Mrs. Read, Sir Frank Minifie, Adjt. Mrs. Stanton, Capt. and Mrs. Adams and others. Best of all one soul for the blessing in a.m. Twenty-one souls—three Jesters—in Sunday evening meeting for salvation, nearly all volunteered. Verdict of all—splendid day, wonderful meetings. Beautiful wind-up. Hallelujah !

only of "the man in the street," but of people in all grades of social life.

Said a lady at a vice-regal gathering recently, referring to the meeting, "I don't know how my friend—who could have intended to that address—when having the very foundations of his unbelief shattered." This testimony to the impression created by the Massey meeting is valuable because it comes un-sought from one of the most talented orators of this Continent.

This increased influence for good, largely owing to the magnificent work of our Field Commissioner, with, at the same time, the usual pentiment form results won on the Army's old lines, is full of encouragement to us all.

For all these things we praise God, and wish him "Jesus Christ and His Cause" our battle cry. If we will we can make 1898 the best year yet. Let us try!

### AN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH

**H**E variety and beauty of the illustrations which embalm the pages of our forthcoming Christmas number mark it as an artistic production hitherto unsurpassed. From the magnificient four-colored cover and striking scenes and character drawings, to the delicate decorations and graceful literary sketches, every page of the sheet reveals no small care and skill in execution, and nothing short of a lavish hand in the question of expense. Some of Toronto's most talented brushes have united to enrich the collection of beautiful pictures. Mr. Carl Abens, A. R. C. A., contributes some very striking portrayals of salvation life, in which their speaking lines tell many sermons even without their descriptive accompaniments of text.

Mr. Leopold, whose valuable services have been so frequently pictured our front-page, has also contributed to the beauty of the number. While Mr. George Semple (an old assistant on the War Cry's artistic work), and the Grip Company, have also done their part towards making this issue of such artistic value.

(Continued)

### HOW TO SELL OUT.

**H**OW characteristics of the Commissioner's leadership go hand in hand for the accomplishment of the great and glorious work. What a warrior leader inspires the ambition of his troops towards some daring deed for God and the Flag, she invariably follows up such announcement with such plumb for its actual realization that it becomes no hard or impossible task for her officers to follow her to the end of her most advanced schemes. This provision is deeply appreciated by the Field Commissioner's staff. Their love for the Commissioner and the cause he represents is evident in the efforts they make to assist him in his noble mission. The Commissioner's aim is to recruit, but no sooner has courage been emulated for such an achievement than there issues from the Army's printing press the dulness of little pamphlets prepared under the Commissioner's specific direction, giving the mildest assistance and suggestion for the effort. "How to sell out" is the fascinating title of this famous little production, however, the lines upon which the effort is to be run in every corps clearly and forcibly impress the men. The Army corps are to ensure the permanent assistance of officers in its sale long after the success of the Christmas War Cry boom has passed.

(Continued)

### JUNIOR WORKERS, ATTENTION!

**H**E price of the new J. S. Manual for 1898 is 15 cents, and the Manual Lesson Cards 1 cent. Supplies may be obtained from the respective Provincial Officers.

(Continued)

### HAVE YOU SENT YOUR PHOTO?

**V**ICTORY is in the air. Our indomitable leader at the hub is pushing the war with unprecedented victory. The Massey Hall huge victory struck us like a cyclone, and we were still talking about that wonderful event when news of Montreal's mighty success set us all "hallelujahing" again. The tide of victory is spreading, too. Newfoundland's Staff report last Sunday as one of the most glorious days they have experienced in a long time, there having been twenty-one seekers for salvation at Lisgar St., ten at the Temple, five at Riverside, and one at Yorkville. Bless God ! A few ingatherings like this, properly shepherded afterwards, will swell our ranks nobly.

The influence generated by Miss Booth's meeting at the Massey Hall is quite extraordinary. That meeting attracted the attention and sympathetic interest, not

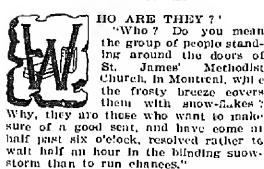
# MONTRÉAL'S MIGHTY MEETING.

## Miss Booth in Rags at St. James' Methodist

**Thousands of Citizens Congregate to Hear the Army's Leader Tell the Story of a Boy and Sing the Song of Love'**

### I.

#### THEY CAME.



**WHO ARE THEY?** "Who? Do you mean the group of people standing around the doors of St. James' Methodist Church in Montreal, who came from frosty breezes, covered their faces now and then? Why, they are those who write in malice of a good seat, and have come at half past six o'clock, resolved rather to wait half an hour in the blinding snow-storm than to run chances."

Expecting that we should have a crowd we had arranged to have the doors opened before the time announced, therefore, at about fifteen minutes to seven o'clock, the patience of those waiting for admission was rewarded; the portals of the beautiful church swing open. From that moment the people came in a steady stream until the church was crowded to its fullest capacity. The emerald steps were packed out in the aisles; then the people crowded the steps leading to the gallery; they sat on the steps going up to the platform, and on the steps of the gallery aisle, as well as lined the walls of the body and the gallery.

The fact that the announcement of Miss Booth's meeting in spite of many oppositions and the inclemency of the weather, drew the large audience that had ever assembled in Montreal to hear her, goes to bear out once more the truth of the statement, that the oftener our leader visits a place the more anxious its population is to see and hear her. As many, and varied, and emphatic expressions of sympathy, laughter and tears convinced any doubting Thiomans that the Field Commissioner had won a very large place in the affections of the Montrealers.



WILLIE AND PEARL'S DUET—MISS BOOTH GIVES THEM A START.

### II.

#### THE BACKGROUND OF THE PICTURE.

"Hush! —" A silence falls upon the audience. The side door of the platform swings open; a subdued "Ah!" is a precession of little girls in white enters and takes the chairs on the platform. "There is it, that comes like a soothng zephyr from the celestial country over the care-worn mind, smoothing out the wrinkled countenance and exacting a smile from the most misanthrope as this little group in white, symbolic of their innocence of childhood, enters silently? Possibly an expression may be found in the "Verily, such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Hello, what next?" A picture of research, indeed. The representatives of the nations enter—India, represented by Mrs. Adj't Coombs and little Ajeet; Japan, with crested gown and fan; Holland, in quiet and calm attire; Switzerland, France, as well as the jolly Jock Tar, the U. S. Naval officer, and Tommy Atkins.

No sooner had they taken their seats, than the open door swings open: from it comes the shining visage of a sturdy Scotchman, Brigadier Sharp, with the Commissioner's family—Dot, Willie, and Pearl.

Burly Miss Booth will come next.

"Everybody cranes their neck. "There—now! It is Adj't Morris with his red cap, but there, still, comes another applause—a little figure in his steps on to the platform—"that is Miss Booth"—more applause—"no, it isn't." "Yes it is!" No, it is Mrs. Adj't. Skinner, who with the fortitude so often found in small people survives the ordeal.

"What it is only an Italian playing outside for copper?"

"No, it comes from behind that door

on the right of the platform. Don't you hear it growing more distinct?"

"Well, I'll be —" Before the speaker ends his exclamation a lonely figure appears, clad in ragged skirt and torn apron, a kindly gaze around her shoulders. Playing a small accordion she proceeds toward the platform. It is "Mrs. Booth in Rags."

Her entrance was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of applause.

It was a pity that the high railing or the rostrum prevented the audience from seeing the entrant of the Commissioner's "rags"—the ragged skirt, the string-tied shoes of one foot, as well as the insufficiently sheltered toes of the other, remained obscure.

### III.

#### THE COMMISSIONER'S ADDRESS.

Brigadier Sharp introduced the Commissioner with these appropriate and appreciative remarks, which only shrouded Scobie know how to make. God bless Brigadier Sharp.

The Commissioner rose to speak.

Too conscious of his literary shortcomings, his heaviness of style visibly realizing with a degree of despair his utter inability to reproduce in cold black type on colder white paper, the burning words quivering with spiritual life, that fell from his lips upon the passive minds and open hearts of that great audience, the writer desisted at once to apologize in advance for his want of the address, especially to those who were present at the Montreal or Toronto meeting.

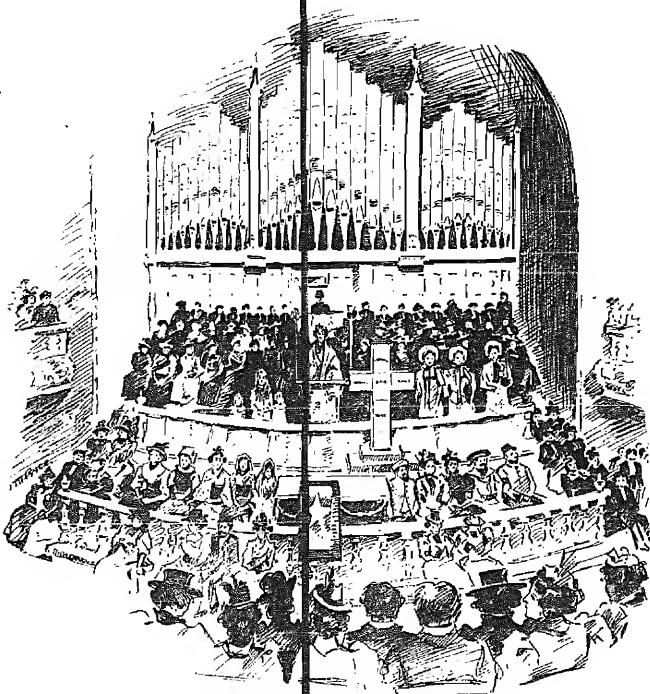
With eloquent directness, the Commissioner opened his address by calling attention to the closing of our Self-Denial week, setting forth the sublime sacrifice of Calvary as its ideal.

"Learn from my Bible, from its laws and teachings, that the way of righteousness is the way of sacrifice. From close observation of the heroes, heroines and martyrs following their journeys from the time of the launching of their little bairns, to the time of their running into port, amidst thehurst of mills, and the vibration of harsps and upbeats of battle through thin self-denial was their companion. See shining as a beacon light in the darkness of midnight, hanging as a feeble star in the sky of every man's soul, traced upon the canvas of time with far greater art, beauty and correctness than a Dore, procrustean, the simple ill of self-denial, in order to bless, to lift, to redeem."

"I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver," was impressively sung by Dot, to the accompaniment of a mandolin, while "The Star with the fiery star" was drawn from the interior of the cross, revealing the first section set up, hearing the inscription,

#### Obedience.

Calling attention to this startling principle of all service to God, the Field Commissioner pointed out that this is the foundation stone upon which the temple of Christianity must be built. The reason for the greatest struggles for the soul of to-day is, endeavoring to live in the favor of God, while disobedient to light that shone as clearly upon them in the covenant cell, or upon Saul of Tarsus. We can always be confident that everlasting penalties hang upon obeying or disobeying God. In the eyes of Klug Saul of Israel, in the days of his humility and obedience God honored him, blessed him, and led him to unequalled heights of authority. With an army of two hundred and ten thousand soldiers



THE PLATFORM AT ST. JAMES' APPEARED AT MISS BOOTH'S MEETING.

and all the infantry, cavalry and artillery of heaven behind him, he marched out at the command to exterminate the rebels. Filled with the victory, he returns, and upon being questioned by Samuel whether he had obeyed the God who had so blessed him, he answers quickly in the affirmative. "What means then the bleeding of the hands?" asks the seer. "Behold, he has been born from his great height. Disobedience brought Saul down, as it has thousands since. How the Commissioner made many dire threats at the consciences of those who so readily say that they are all obedient, the entire world witnessed on the platform. It was to gain admittance into those darker alleys and courts, into which a decently-attired citizen, or even a uniformed Salvationist, dare not venture at that time. Her recital of the ingenious way in which she found admittance into the judgment hall, far beyond the limits of the jail rules and the story of the one who had "fallen like a star from the sky to black depths" was simply fascinating.

While another chorus:

"Oh speak, oh speak as before Theo I pray."

fastened the first principle upon the

memory, the second section of wood surmounted the first block, and another inscription appeared:

#### Sympathy.

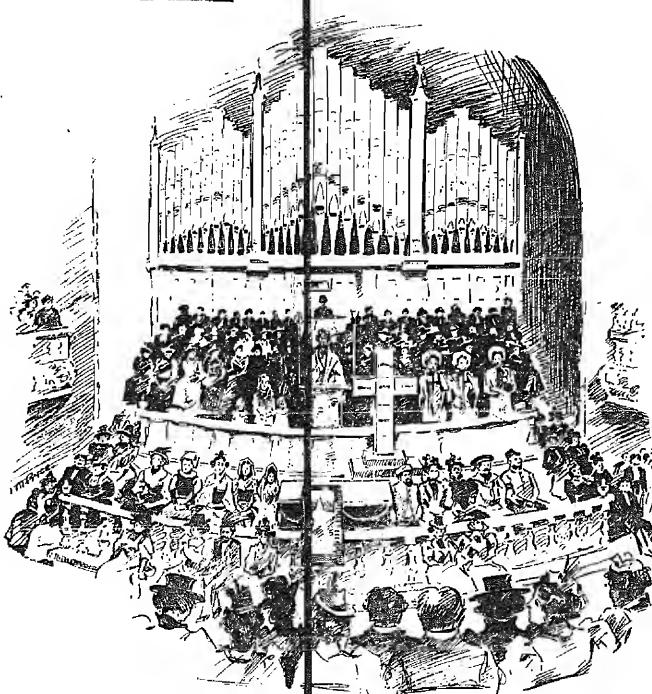
Pointing to the object-illustration, Miss Booth stated that Jesus was also over-explained. She said, "I often find the most to be missed, yet of all more rare. While there never was a day or greater light and education—each century having brought its share of advancement in industry, science and art—while our pulpits are numerous, and from a point of ability are well filled; while the gift of prophecy is not lacking, yet the bairns which hold all wisdom, and the toads which while the wisest and the worst is most susceptible, is lacking—namely, Sympathy. Jesus came to show that to lift the burden you must feel its weight. With graphic description she called up before the imagination the picture of Jesus' sympathy. His giving back to the widow of Nain the son whom they carried to the burial; that sublime instance when the Bible records "Jesus wept." In His stories, and yet most descriptive sentence; the children which He blessed who He saw smart and tired, and His disciples would in their anxiety prevent anything that would distract the already weary rest of the Master—"Stuffer them to come unto Me."

Referring again to her sum experience, the Commissioner said that she was not always able to save the life, but she could weep with those that weep; she could not always take away the pain, but

# MIGHTY MEETING.

at St. James' Methodist Church.

Mr. the Army's Leader Tell the Story of a Broken Heart  
and the Song of Love'



THE PLATFORM AT ST. JAMES' APPEARED AT MISS BOOTH'S MEETING.

and all the Infantry, cavalry and artillery of heaven behind him, he marched out of God's command to exterminate the Amalekites. Flushed with the victory, he returns, and upon being questioned by Samuel whether he had obeyed the God who had so blessed him, he answers truthfully, "I affirm that I have done more than the blushing of the sheep." was the sentence that buried him down from his great height. Disobedience brought Saul down, as it has thousands since. Here the Commissioner made many direct thrusts at the conscientious of those who would readily say they were all right. "Every man in then the discord in the family, the wayward child, the prodigal son, the silent weeping at midnight, the broken hearts, the crushed spirits?" Let us hope that many a one, wounded by this, resolved that there should be no more disobeying God. The Commissioner, however, which she once adopted the attire in which she appeared on the platform. It was to gain admittance into those darker alleys and courts, into which a decently attired citizen, or even a uniformed Sullivanist, dare not venture at that time. Her recline of the Ingoldsby, which had gained admittance to the halls, gained time for beyond the limits of the full rules and the story of the one who had "fallen like a star from the sky to black depths" was simply fascinating.

While another chorus:

"Oh speak, oh speak as before Thine I pray."

fastened the first principle upon the

memory, the second section of wood surmounted the first block, and another inscription appeared:

#### SYMPATHY.

Pointing to the object-illustration, Miss Booth stated that Jesus was also our example in sympathy—of all graces the most to be prized, yet of all the most rare. While there never was a day or greater light and education—each century having brought His share of advancement in industry, science and art—while our public life are more refined and the power of ability well filled, while the gift of oratory is not lacking, yet that balm which heals all wounds, and the touch to which the vilest is healing—namely, sympathy. Jesus came to show that to His friends and yet most despotic, with granite expression, no one could stand before the imagination examples of Jesus' sympathy. His giving back to the widow of Nain the son whom they carried to the funeral; that sublime instance when the Bible records "Jesus wept." In His sorrows and yet most descriptive sentence He uttered, "Thy son is dead, when He was weak and tired out. His disciples would in their anxiety prevent anything that would shorten the already scanty rest of the Master—"Suffer them to come unto Me."

Referring again to her slum experience, the Commissioner said that she was not always able to save the life, but she could weep with those that weep; she could not always take away the pain, but

she could always say that she was sorry; she could not always quiet the babe, but she could always hold it close to her own heart, that warm, might warm the cold in sympathy. "The story of the woman whose criminal career was transformed into the useful life of a Salvationist; by a kiss, touched every heart and dimmed every eye with tears, it was a more powerful illustration of sympathy than a book of fine theories alone."

"Sympathy would carry us to the despairing with hope. I don't mean consequence—I mean sympathy. It will make us to change straw ploughs into downy ones. I don't mean money—I mean sympathy. It will mean that thousands less tears will be shed because we ever lived, because we have not the gift of prophecy—in sympathy."

"Give us sympathy. Give us the Christians in this city a sympathizing heart and the strength of infinity will crumble."

"Kind words will never die, never die, rung out the strains of the familiar hymn, while the third block was hung to the left, thereby adding another word:

#### SACRIFICE.

What greater and nobler example of sacrifice have we, than Jesus? See the King of Glory, the Prince of Heaven, the Son of man of nations, all kingdoms, coming from the throne to the manger, and climbing the weary, blood-marked journey back again from the manger to the throne, the hero of the mighty throne, whose trumpet will sound and whose voices will re-echo as long as the ages roll. Behold that white-robed multitude, who by virtue of their sacrifice have climbed and stand in the highest places in the highest heaven, having come out of great tribulation and washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb. Sacrifice saved the seed of the church and sent Christianity like a prairie-fire sweeping through the world. Sacrifice by its blood-red robe, upon the sands of time, opened up the gates to the Kingdom. Fervid illustrations were given to illustrate the cruel persecutions which were resorted to by those in authority to stamp out Christianity, with the effect to increase it only. The procession does not stop here, but there are days of agony days, but continues with the telling of the ten thousands of Salvationists who have left all to follow Jesus. We have them in Iceland and Lapland, in Africa and in Japan as well as in India. From the nationalities represented at the meeting in national costume, the Field Commissioner said, "Mrs. Coombs and her little Agent." She introduced Mrs. Coombs as one of the officers who had labored among the natives as one of them. The Commissioner said that she represented the poor of all lands and embracing Mrs. Coombs, India and the poor kissed each other, while the audience applauded.

On top of his Indian garb, a bare foot, he was a picturesque figure.

The Commissioner continued that man a little grave in that heathen country with a simple inscription as "Faints unto death," tells of a fallen soldier and a known warrior. The old did not fail to share the joys of the sacrifice, about sacrificed by a very touching slum story. Then again rang through the stillness of that concourse a beautiful melody which dissolved itself into:

"I count no sacrifice too dear," and another section was hung opposite the last addition, bearing the fourth password of the meeting:

#### LOVE.

"Someone said to me, he thought all the love had gone out of the world. I answered, to take all the love out of the world, you will have to take the blue out of the sky, the trees from the forest,

the skip from the lambs, and the laughter out of the nursery. Love gives life, and when you give life to the flesh, the nerve to the spirit and the passion to the heart. Earth asks heaven what is wanted to battle against temptation, ride through its storms, triumph over its evils, carry its burdens, live its toll and die its death. How can we do this? Then shall be the word with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself." Miss Booth recited as an instance of the unselfishness of Love the story of the death of Princess Alice, as Mr. Gladstone had told it in Parliament. Flitling was the following verse sung:

"Love Divine, from Jesus flowing."

The last section towering above the rest and completing the cross was named,

#### CROWNING.

"All obedience and sacrifice has its crowning, as the sacrifice of Calvary was crowned by the invincible Rock of Ages. The crowning of salvation's plan—the laying of the redemptive train to heaven—the opening of heaven's gate—was crowned by abounding entrance, all full of indescribable glory, with portals thrown back their widest, to make way for Boozin's Hero for Calvary's Lamb. The Lamb stands on the cross, and enters through the triumphal arch of Calvary and beryl, amidst pens of beds, the oaks of cymbas, the thirtieth harps too short of hosannah and the song of the angels. The Father crowns him, whilst the great orchestra of heaven sings the new song "Worthy is the Lamb, who on Calvary was slain."

"And so, all along the line, I see the crowning. The great intuition that guides, they are to wove palms and to sing songs, no more to weep. Tears that were ready in the conduct of righteousness, now be dried, and the hands that were clasped, now come out as palms of the earth. Let them come. They are those who came through great tribulations; their garments are white, their faces are bright. Who are they? Who sing? One lame who was born blind, and who, through his blindness, and greater understanding, and power, and might. There will be no more tear or sign, no more grave or night. No more pain, or death, or hunger, no more—all will be crowning."

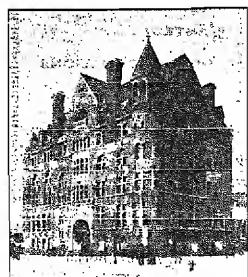
#### IV.

#### GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

The order throughout was whole, inspiring, very remarkable. Our beloved speaker was very anxious for an hour and a half and yet there was riveted attention at the close of his address. Her listeners embraced all classes of society, but there appears to be only one impression and verdict, namely, that the meeting was a success without qualification.

As each section of the cross was added our song at each addition was well emphasized the point which the Commissioner had brought out, as well as introduced a diversion to avoid a strain upon the audience's beautiful attention.

Willie and Pearl also sang several



Y.M.C.A. BUILDING, MONTREAL.

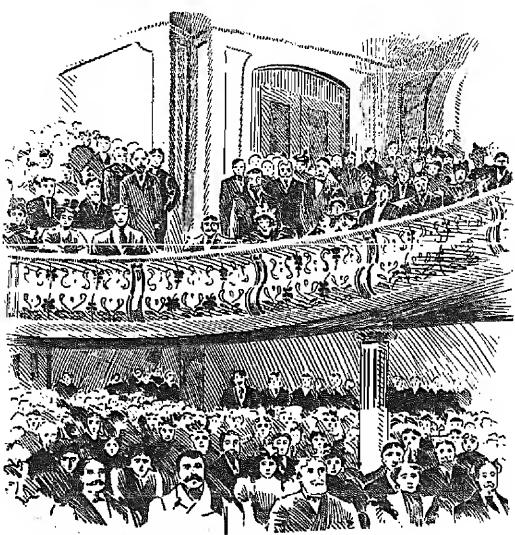
choruses to the great delight of the audience, which thoroughly enjoyed them. Everybody fell in love with them at first sight. Are they not a forcible object lesson of what training may do with the pliable lives of children. Many kindly remarks made by the people about the children were certainly the sincerest of praise and recognition of the Commissioner's work, and were also freely given to the development and multiplying of their best emotions and abilities.

The gradual erection of the plain wooden cross in five sections, was a wonderfully inspiring and fasten upon the minds of the eager listeners the Commissioner's field appeals to more consecrated lives of the followers of Jesus, and will often aid the memory to keep alive, as well as turn to useful account, the blessings received.

One elderly gentleman apparently had seen and known little or nothing of the Army except what he heard from biased critics, and had come well decked with prejudices. Gradually his interest was aroused, but he struggled bravely to control his expressions of contempt. When however the Field Commissioner, with her original touch described her first lesson in scribology, he collapsed with mirth. He so thoroughly enjoyed a laugh with the rest that he only recovered his equanimity in time to lose it again by silently wiping off a few tears that had rolled down his cheeks when Miss Booth told of little Jack's sacrifice for the benefit of his widow mother. Jack had found a newspaper which promised to the nearest relative of anyone in whose possession the paper was found when accidentally the sum of £200. Two days after that Jack was found in the basement under a bridge with the newspaper so fixed in his rugged jacket that the filled-out coupon was at once seen by the policeman who discovered his corpse.

When the Commissioner spoke of her visits to the court and alays into which

(Continued on Page 9.)



A TINY SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE.

# THE WAR CRY.

**WANTED!**  
DOLLAR DONATIONS  
FOR  
PRISONERS'  
XMAS WAR CRY FUND.  
*Vol. 1*  
See Editorial in this issue.

## Dear Old Yorkville Corps IN A NEW HOME.

Quite naturally the few devout and faithful soldiers felt little depressed at having seen only to leave their old homes, where so many glorious battles had been fought and won at such great odds. Whatever depressing feeling remained was utterly banished on the first night of the opening of the new, neat little hall on the corner of Yorkville Avenue and Yonge Street. Capt. McLelland's busy corps had worked hard to get everything in good condition for the first battles, which took place Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Nov. 27th, 28th and 29th.

"Thank God we have got a new hall," was the exclamation of the corps' captain's testimonial on the second Sunday night. "I am sure you all characterized all they said and seeing that the meeting was being conducted just outside the new barracks they did not fail to point up to the nicely-lighted, warm and attractive hall. What if it is up a small flight of steps? The comfort to us is that when once in the new place, the effort paid into the climbing. Major Bend was on hand for the occasion, and the last free-and-easy contrasted strongly and favorably with the kind of devotional that used to be carried on in that place. Truly it is a capture from the enemy. For the first time only songs of joy and words of cheer and entrées, long-lost words of old-time songs and oaths. The soldiers were full of thankfulness and told it out. Dear Mrs. McLelland's fine songs and things were going with a swing when Mr. D— who runs the printing business under his name, in the door pushed him way to the platform and invited him to the Brigadier, saying: "Guess you'll want this to get in to-morrow." Then giving him a "God bless you," he turned on his heel, went out, not forgetting the collection box as he did so. He has been kindness itself to the Captain. The Brigadier paid him some red-hot air, and a year or two when formerly served the devil in that place desired our prayers. We want home-hungry for the first Sunday's battles.

The knee-deep mud was good, and at the holiness meeting Weston Hale, Capt. P. Ross and Ethan Remond turned out to assist Capt. McLelland in his efforts, assistance too! Especially did the Army Ascensionists' testimonial take hold of us all. The Brigadier read of the "salt" and its savor, the "light" and its illumination, the blessing of hearing persecution for Christ's sake. One poor woman who had helped assist in the ushering, singing "what is that snow," came up to the stage to the holiness meeting and gave a blessed testimony saying "O, I did come to be where the holy people are. Thank God I am holy." One dear old gray-haired man confessed he was not what he ought to be. It was a deeply spiritual time.

Indeed, indeed was the afternoon march and triumphant. Indeed was the indoor meeting. A filled house was a cheerful sight, and a splendid old-time free-and-easy was enjoyed. God set His people at liberty. Again the contractor pointed out the soap upon the platform. It was a time of rich and lasting enjoyment. The T. H. Q. Staff band helped right nobly with their music. Not only did they play but fervently they prayed and worked with will.

Indeed, indeed was the afternoon march and triumphant. Indeed was the indoor meeting. A filled house was a cheerful sight, and a splendid old-time free-and-easy was enjoyed. Small contingents from Lester, Temple and Lippsburg came to our help. Mrs. Read spoke of the glorious gift of choice when God had given it to us all. The Brigadier pointed in the not two and a half minutes spoke for his audience, thus closing the first Sunday's battles in Old Yorkville Town Hall.

On Monday the Temple Band came up to assist. A grand jubilee was held, and of course Yorkville's officers and soldiers cheered more freely. There are grand times ahead for this dear loyal corps. PRY.

A Children's Nursery, or Day Creche, has been opened in Cincinnati, Ohio. Hundreds of little children have been cared for there. Brigadier Addis speaks of opening another such place in order to be able to care for all who come.



Like a Charm.

Specially  
for  
the  
Children.

## BUSINESS BUSINESS BUSINESS

\* \* \*

### SOMETHING NEW . . .

In a few days we shall have an assortment of  
beautiful real

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OF

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\* \* \*

### What about that Drum?

Is it not time you got a new one? It has done you good service and ought now to give place to an up-to-date instrument.

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Improved Shoulder Lamps for Bandsmen, 90 cents each. State for which shoulder.

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JNO. M. C. HORN,  
Trade Secretary.



## THE YOUNG SOLDIER CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Buy it for the Bairns,

Colored Ink.

### CONTENTS

#### PARTIAL LIST.

"OLD TIFF," By the FIELD COMMISSIONER.

A CHARMING FRONT PAGE PICTURE ENTITLED, "HEAR DEM BELLS A RINGIN'!"

"A LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE," Brigadier Duff, Editor of the London Young Soldier.

"JOE'S CONVERSION," By Brigadier Marquette.

"A STORY OF THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER," Mrs. Brigadier Read.

"MY FIRST CHRISTMAS IN THE ARMY," Major Gaskin.

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CAPT. CHMINS—Toronto, Dec. 12, 16; Brampton, Dec. 28, 29; Orillia, Dec. 29; Salem, Dec. 31.

ENSIGN MCKENZIE—Neepawa, Dec. 11, 12, 13; Minnedosa, Dec. 14, 15; High City, Dec. 16; Brandon, Dec. 17, 18; Virden, Dec. 20, 21; Moosomin, Dec. 22, 23; Reshma, Dec. 24; Moose Jaw, Dec. 25, 26, 27; Maple Creek, Dec. 28; Edmerton, Dec. 29, 30; Jan. 1, 2, 3; Uldark, Jan. 4, 5; Medicine Hat, Jan. 6, 7; Lethbridge, Jan. 8, 9.

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## UNC SOLDIER

### CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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Dec. 19; New Glasgow, Dec. 19;

North Bay, Jan. 1; Sydney Mines, Jan. 2;

Bay, Jan. 3; Port Monmouth, Jan. 5;

Y. Jan. 6; Pugwash, Jan. 8; S. E.

T. CUMMING—Toronto, Dec. 12 to

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SIGN McKENZIE—Nepean, Dec.

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## THE WAR CRY.

(Continued from Page 7.)

she could only find admiration by wearing her rugged garb, who pointed out the power of music over the vicious and wretched. They would listen attentively and often under its influence.

"Home, sweet home," would never fail to fetch tears. "Shall I play it to you?" and taking the violin to the words she seized the humble instrument. She corded, and played the familiar and pathetic melody. The situation was readily understood, to which a hearty applause testified.

The only fault Montreal had to find with the Commissioner is one which they hold in common with other places, viz., that the Commissioner is not often enough. This is certainly a true compliment, at the same time it is impossible with the immense stretch of Territory—Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Newfoundland, the Bermudas, we are told, West—West—West—portion of the United States, and places as often as she desires to do so, except as a multitude of varied and heavy responsibilities demand that she should not be absent from Territorial Headquarters for any length of time. This requires only to be mentioned to insure consideration from all her soldiers and friends.

Gratitude overwhelms her heart, even now I recall to mind the eager faces turned towards the speaker, and losing consciousness of distinctions made by apparel, age, or social standing, I seem to see only the lifting-up of hearts and minds in numerous degrees of selfishness, devoted to purity and less selfish spheres. Many "unemployed Christians" had their eyes opened to countless opportunities around them; many a complacent professor discovered that his "good nature" was only a mild name for indifference caused by his negligence.

While many good resolutions spring into life in that meeting may shortly under the chilling influence of everyday struggle, yet the impetus that makes for righteousness will have been renewed or intensified in many lives will treasure it according to its true value. Many were willing to open their upward path will have received true encouragement.

Who can measure the extent of sacred emotions kindled or fanned into legitimate flame through this meeting, or who can say how many minds have been stirred into that activity whose over-widening circle of those go up to whom they break against the above-mentioned walls? Who can answer? Only the Heavenly Keeper of the chronicles of the deeds of man.

As the different sections of the cross were subjoined during the Commissioner's address, every addition lit a great number of spectators from the view of the platform, who immediately behind, it made his heart burn to see that the principles written on that wooden cross—Obedience, Sympathy, Sacrifice, and Love—may be plainly seen in his life, as the cross effectually hid his life. That it was seen so in the Commissioner's eyes amongst the poorest and lowest-spirited, the most ignorant and very unimportant and heard in her inspired words, as well as sensed in her presence, need I say so? Nay, when we have heard her and seen her and have been with her, KNOW it to be so.

### EXTRACTS FROM PRESS CLIP- PINGS.

From the Montreal Gazette:

"The Salvation Army service held in St. James Church last evening by Miss Eva Booth and the Rev. Mr. Hargrave, who accompanied her, attracted an audience which crowded that edition to its utmost capacity. . . . The cordiality of Miss Booth's reception was not by any means solely confined to members of the Salvation Army, for the greater part of the audience, and indeed in many instances with sympathy with it. . . . Miss Booth's address was listened to with the greatest attention throughout, and despite her rather fantastic garb, she showed many evidences of a polished mind and original talent, for which the family is noted. . . ."

From Daily Star:

"The announcement that Miss Eva Booth was to speak of her work in the slums of London, in the St. James Methodist Church last evening, drew to that sacred edifice one of the largest audiences that ever assembled within its walls. While a great many doubtless were attracted thither by the announcement of

the fact that Miss Booth would appear in the costume in which she carried on her work among the unfortunate in that city, there were many others who, it is safe to say, visited the church for the sole purpose of hearing what the gifted speaker had to say. And if the women thither to hear a great address, they were not disappointed. Miss Booth's description of her work among the criminals and vagabonds and the outcasts of London was vividly pictured. From start to finish she seemed an attentive listener, and in many cases the echo of her remarks brought tears to the eyes of those present. . . . As she entered the church last evening she received an Army welcome, and the hearty applause which greeted her appearance from others in the church, told that she was beloved by them as well as by those connected with the organization.

Miss Booth's remarks were replete with many anecdotes, some of which were of an unusually pathetic nature. . . ."

The full report in the Star is nearly

a whole column.

The Herald also had a very detailed

report of the meeting. Here are a few extracts:

". . . Miss Booth's welcome was not confined to her confreres alone. The entire audience frequently expressed its sympathy with her, and her reception was a most cordial one. Miss Booth made her appearance in a white riding costume. . . . This was the heroine of London slums, the worker among the dark corners of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel. . . . These rags, Miss Booth sprang back to her, memories of the darkest and deepest sorrows encountered in those unhappy places where she had first adopted it. It had been her only means of gaining access to those strange people with whom she wished to come in contact. . . . In the ranks of the Army had met with much persecution. In some cases the streets had been barricaded, another by roughs, and they were often stoned and maltreated. It was because of this that she had adopted her peculiar style of rags and in this guise she had gained access to homes and hearts which she could not otherwise have reached. 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## THE WAR CRY

## SING! UNTO THE LORD

Tunes—Jesus of Nazareth passeth by; Stello (B.J., 25, 3); Sovereign (B.B., 21); B.J., 220, 1); Euphony (B.J., 188, 1); Madrid (B.J., 176, 2); Eaton (B.J., 165, 2).

1 Thy spirit I have often grieved,  
Awaking sacrifice and pain;  
Thy promises have not believed,  
Betrayed my Lord through fear again.  
With thou not heal me yet once more?  
With thy my broken heart abides.

To save the lost all I give;  
Let all self-life now disappear,  
That only Christ in me can live,  
And speak, and feel, and love down here.  
All things beside I count but dress,  
I choose, I take, I love Thy cross.

That mighty, mighty faith give me,  
Which never wavers, never fears,  
Can walk the waters, Lord, with Thee.  
Can stand alone in face of snarls,  
The fight that dares to risk its all,  
And run where others fear to fall.

I have to toil half day and night,  
This war to forward anywhere;  
With consecrated powers I fight.  
Lost souls are now my only care.  
My love, like Thine, but sees their fail,  
And asking nothing, giveth all.

The Marechal.

Tunes.—We shall win (B.J., 28, 1); Rejoice in the Lord (B.J., 32, 1); Rejoice in the Lord (B.J., 30, 2).

2 Let us sing of His love once again,  
Of the love that can never decay,  
Of the Blood of the Lamb who was slain,  
Till we praise Him again in that day.

Chorus.

I believe Jesus saves,  
And His blood makes me whiter than snow.

There is cleansing and healing for all;  
Who will wash in the life-giving flow;  
There is perfect deliverance and joy  
To be had in this world through the Blood.

Just now while we taste of His love,  
We are filled with delight through His name;  
But what will it be when above  
We shall join in the song of the Lamb?

Then we march in His name till we come  
At His bidding to come from the right;  
And our Saviour shall welcome us home  
To the regions of glory and light.

So with banners unfurled to the breeze,  
Our motto shall "Holiness" be,  
Till the crown from His hand we shall seize,  
And the King in His glory we see.

—

Tune.—A never-failing Friend (B.J., 99).

3 A Friend I have found who my soul hath supplied,  
A Friend who my sorrows hath soothed,  
A Friend who my illsoul hath denied.

Nor suffered my heart to be moved,  
He saves, I am blest; He rules; I have rest.

His presence destroys every fear;  
How can I ever by sorrow oppressed  
With Jesus my spirit to cheer?

Chorus.

A never-failing Friend! A never-failing Friend!  
Is Christ to me, so rich and free,  
His love never ends.  
A never-failing Friend! A never-failing Friend!

Give up your sin and you shall win  
A never-failing Friend.  
A Friend I have found who has taught  
me the charm  
Of love, the purest and best,  
And into the wounds of my heart poured  
the balm  
Of healing and comfort and rest.  
His path brings renovation, his cross brings  
the crown.  
To serve Him is my one great care,  
And hold fast the Cross I have held myself  
dear.  
And trust to be kept over there.

—

Tunes.—Holmesy (B.J., 147, 2); Hark, the voice (B.J., 6); Never can tell (B.J., 13); Out on the ocean (B.J., 227, 2).

4 Have you left your Father's dwelling,  
Far away in sin you roam;  
Prodigal your heart is swelling,

When you think of those at home.  
Oh, remember,  
God, your Father, whispers, "Come."

Prodigal, come back to Jesus,  
Leave the land of death and sin,  
All the past will be forgiven,  
Jesus waits to take you in.  
He will welcome,  
He will wash and make you clean.

Look! the Father waits to bring you  
To His heart of love again;  
Him to meet you in compassion,  
Walls to wash away the stain.  
Come to meet Him,  
He will banish all thy pain.

—

Tunes—Gospel news (B.J., 293, 1); Holmesy (B.J., 147, 2); Blessed Jesus (B.J., 45, 2); Calcutta (B.J., 29, 2); Hark, the voice (B.J., 51, 1); Austria (B.J., 1).

5 Make Thy soldiers, Lord, "are  
daring"  
Teach how to bravely fight;  
Win against all sin deviling;  
Marching forward in Thy might;  
Leading sinners  
From their darkness into light.

Precious, blood-bought souls are dying,  
Let us to their rescue go!  
On Thy strength Divine relying,  
From the sinner's helpless woe  
Lord, to save them,  
May we heaven-born courage show.

Soldiers brave and true are wanted,  
Who will battle for the Lord;  
Gone to conquer shall be granted  
Those who truly trust His word,  
And in Heaven  
His "Well done" will soon be heard.

—

Tune.—Shall we gather at the river (B.J., 21, 1).

6 Yes, there flows a wondrous river  
That can mink the fountest clean;  
To the soul it is the giver  
Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round us flows the cleansing river,  
The holy, mighty, wonder-working river,  
That can make a saint of a sinner,  
It flows from the throne of God.

All who see the cleansing river  
Have their deepest needs supplied,  
From all stains its waves deliver,  
To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,  
Perfect cleansing granting there,  
Losing burdens that need never  
Rise again to bring you care?

On the margin of this river,  
In your station who still delay?  
Why not now be free forever,  
And the voice of God say?

## RESULT OF WAR CRY RACE

1st Prize, \$8 worth of Goods, Champion Fred H. Bell, Hamilton, Canada 4,179

2nd Prize, \$6 worth of Goods, Captain McIntyre, Charlottetown, P.E.I.—3,837



CAPTAIN MCINTYRE,  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The third prize of \$3 worth of goods will be awarded later, as there is some uncertainty as to totals received.

Our readers will remember that the Race commenced in the first week in July and finished the last week in September. The totals given above are those of sales effected that period only.

## A Bit-of-Fair Dialogue

BETWEEN  
HANS AND JEAN.

Hans.—I have shust concluded to ha  
a gut Christmas feast du year.

Prodigal.—Gut? Can you not invite a fellow?

Hans.—Dat I will do, of course, and it

will cost you only two cents. It is going

to be a fine ding.

Jean.—Will you have your feast a la

card, or table d'hôte, Hans?

Hans.—Dine like ze otherfeller. Dere

is niente like Mine von Shokane.

Jean.—Ze gracious me, has she made a

carpenter for ze benefit of ze Band to

be eammon, Hans.

Hans.—Shust you keep steady. You

Frenchem goes off like a puff and gets

oxidized all von noting whatsoever. Wait

till I can tell you what it is all about.

Jean.—Mine Bootz, heh? "De Stable Doctor."

Jean.—Ze gracious me, has she made a

carpenter for ze benefit of ze Band to

be eammon, Hans?

Hans.—Shust you must keep quiet, you

imaginative balloon, you ly off de string.

You shust wait. And dere will be auch

someding von de Terrestrial Secretar,

what day eall de Brigadier Margells,

and day eall de "When I drink of what I

drink, I am to do."

Jean.—Ze fearful butchery. Ze man

does not know his own language.

Hans.—Ja, ja; no English oder knows

his own language. And do de Kapitän

Adams will contribute smeeding like

"Seasonable Sauces for Cooked Christ-

mas."

Jean.—Dat is very good for him to zink

of ze dispoosite.

Hans.—Mine gunness, ean you not be

still, Jean? And do General von der

Hellsarmee, and de Chef von de Staff

will auch someding send. Ach, dere is

another comled—dat makes me iff. In

the last teeterfoot on de floor, "Herr," He

will net be on much long. And here is

"Blickety Bob," von Major Gaskin, and

"Old Tiff," von de Commissar.

Jean.—Much funny names zey have in

ze English language.

Hans.—You bet, mine friend. Listen:

We were a sime like a ghost story,

"The Shadow of the Flood."

Jean.—Hans, you will make people have

ze goose-skin.

Hans.—Aun still dere is more to follow,

as de poet sings, "Nellies Vitory," and

"Christmass in Many Climes," mit muen

blood-singling von Major Southall.

Jean.—What am I, to do with all this

of your feast?

Hans.—Ach, ja, Impassion man, theris

"Christmas Crackers" done up in two

parcels, and "Holiness berries." You

can eat all dat in a fine artisale cover

von many colors for life cents only.

Jean.—Say, Hans, and what do you eat

at your feast?

Hans.—De Christmas War Cry, or

course.

PROSPECTIVE AND RETROSPECTIVE DELIGHTS THE TEMPLE.

A Farewell to Far-Going Resono Officers.

Thursday evenings at the Temple are becoming to be looked upon as very interesting occasions. This particular Thursday was no exception. Mrs. Brinkley (Mrs. Fred), with some of the Resono Staff, three representatives of the League of Mercy, in their special costume, and some of the children from the Children's Home, combined to make up a very attractive program. After a stirring song led by the Temple band, which, by the way, began to make a name for itself among the city bands for musical execution, and the other preliminaries had been gone through, Mrs. Read delighted the people with a Prospective and Retrospective talk on the Social work. Many touching stories of the early days of our Resono work in this city were told, as well as interesting facts, figures and events of its present day progress.

To say that the people were interested in putting it mildly, for they listened attentively to the very close, which was at the appointed hour. One good German at the close, said to Ensign Arward, "I had no idea the Resono work had done so much in Toronto." He also signified his willingness to give a corner stone to the new building for the Temple.

Ensign Turpin, Capt. Hart and Bandsman Brown delighted the audience with a trio singularly appropriate, which em-

bodied the glorious truth that "His love can never fail."

On Saturday night the Resono Staff had a little farewell tea at the Women's Shelter for Ensign Tovell and Captain Kerr, who are leaving this scene of the Social work. Ensign Tovell goes to Newfoundland, and Captain Kerr to Helena. Some deeply spiritual thoughts were given by Mrs. Read, after which most of those present had a word of personal testimony and farewell.

Capt. Shannon is also farewelling from the Women's Shelter and goes to assist Capt. Holman in the Montreal Resono.

Our comrades will be very much missed from their places in Toronto, we pray that God will go with them to their distant appointments and make them more than ever conquerors on the Resono battlefield.

FLORENCE EASTON

With deep regret we report the death

of our dear comrade, Bro. Charles Parfoot, who passed away to be with Jesus Oct. 19th. "Gone to glory," can truly be said of our beloved comrade. He was one that dared to do right at all costs. His chief object in life was to win souls to deep regret we report the death

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In glorious truth that "He never fails."  
Farewell, then, the Reserve Staff  
and Ensign Tovell, and Captain  
are leaving this scene of the  
Ensign Tovell goes to New  
and Capt. Kerr to Helena,  
my spiritual thoughts were  
Mrs. Read, after which most  
recent had a word of personal  
union is also farewelling from  
n's Shelter and goes to useful  
man in the Montreal Reserve

advice will be very much missed  
places in Toronto, we pray  
you to go with them to their  
positions and make them  
over conquerors on the Road.

FLORENCE EASTON.

## ROMOTED TO GLORY

CHARLES BARFOOT, OWEN  
BROWN.

ep reported we report the death  
of comrade Jim Charles pur-  
sued away to be with Jesus  
"Gone to Glory" can truly be  
our beloved comrade. He was  
dured to do right at all cost,  
object in life was to win souls



CHARLES BARFOOT.

At the memorial service one  
comes forward and accepts  
as God as his. In his testimony  
was glad he had given himself  
to God, and that he was true and  
our father in heaven.  
ing here we have had the joy  
four sons Christ as their Sav-  
ing God—Capt. M. Lott, for  
Taylor.

◆ ◆ ◆



COMBATE, SISTER WOOD,  
THOMAS, NOW IN GLORY.

In connection with the Chris-  
tianity sales—Vim, Vigor, Victory.

The effort is being made to place  
the War Cry on the Field in

## THE WAR CRY.

11

# Florence Worth

## FROM THE STAGE TO THE SALVATION ARMY.

### CHAPTER VII.

LAST week we left Florence (we will continue to call her by her maiden name) paying a visit to her mother at Notting Hill, where she gained her first victory over the urge and compulsion to be a actress. It was a cross she had to bear, and without the damask bloom on her cheeks and the artistic curve of eyebrows produced by cosmetic pencil; but when she returned to her own home, she saw the servants whispering, and overheard the overjoyed mother professed pity for "the man who had such a different wife." The iron entered into her soul, and the first shadow fell across her newfound joy. It would be too painful to dwell upon all the jar and fret which came into the lives of this ill-matched pair after one of them set out to row up and down the river, content to drift with the tide. The strain upon the affectionate and strongly emotional disposition of Florence was terrible.

Before conversion a violent temper had been a prominent characteristic, the veriest trifles sometimes causing her to burst forth into unwarrantable anger. In the accompanying sketch we see her before she got saved.

#### "Clearing the Decks."

because the tea brought to her had not been made with boiling water.

After the first capture of sins forgiven had somewhat abated the old habit reasserted itself in the presence of real provocation, and stormy scenes took place which caused her to shed many bitter tears, prompted by remorse upon the course of her great sin.

Twelve months rolled away, during the whole of which time Florence was not allowed to wear uniform, and attended meetings only under protest. The sight of her little mother—her first convert—troubling to find room in her.

#### "Converted Stage Hat"

was the only bright ray she could see in the darkening sky. Her mother's circumstances at this time were a constant source of anxiety to her, although the little woman never complained and her faith in God never wavered.

The devil did not fail to take advantage of all these things wherewithal to harass her. When, in the providence of God, she was led to desire a deeper work or grace done in her soul, and asked herself whether the blessing of

#### "A Clean Heart"

might not be the solution of many of her

difficulties, the discourager of souls whispered, "How could you keep it under your present circumstances?" The question was a reasonable one, and as she dwelt upon the awkwardness of her own position, as well as of her mother, Florence yielded to the temptation, a miserable self-surrender, and missed the sweet cure for life's woes—a heart by Blood made clean.

There is a close relationship between body and spirit, and the raging contortion which ultimately laid Florence upon a sick bed, as many as today, she lay prostrate in bed and smiled. Her naturally strong constitution, however, stood her in good stead, and coupled with her mother's careful nursing, Florence once more took her place in the battle of life.

She aughed baby Hyacinthe Army choruses, and in her hardest to control the evil temper which she felt as marred the consistency of her dress.

She aughed baby Hyacinthe Army choruses, and in her hardest to control the evil temper which she felt as marred the consistency of her dress.

Perhaps the sorriest trial of all was the fact that she might not have her own mother to visit her after she was well again; and often as she sat down to her own well-provided table and remembered that her mother was in the direst of poverty, her tears would well-up in her eyes, and the food remain untouched upon her plate.

How could she eat and know her little

#### Mother was Starving!

As she drove about in omnibuses with her husband's friends, or played with the party of hostesses, the tears would unbidden strike the sight of which only served to alienate her from those who should have respected the cause of her grief.

Matters had reached this pass when one day her husband came to her with an open telegram in his hand.

"Here is an engagement," he said; "you are offered the part of Marguerite in 'Marguerite'! Think it over and let me have your decision by one o'clock."

Florence did "think about it." Again and again had she refused to accompany her husband to the theatre or take part in the acting, even though strongly tempted to do so in her.

#### Try the Experiment,

with a view to healing the breach which made her daughter life an wreched.

All the threatening and the coaxing had hitherto been resisted, but now the face of her patient little mother, deprived of both the comforts and even the necessities of life, rose before her. What should she do? And as the play proved a success her mother would share in



"LET ME HAVE YOUR DECISION!"

#### Dancing a "Can-can"

and singing a travesty of the songs I loved as well. It brought back to me my saintly Ensign and other comrades I knew to be holy and consecrated to God. I saw

#### The Hell It Was.

and the slight thoroughly broke me down, for the time. I bitterly exclaimed against it, but only to meet with smiles and expressions of surprise that I, an actress, should champion the Salvation Army.

I believed myself already damned, and therefore I became more and more reckless as the days went by. The prize for which I had given up

#### The Pearl of Greatest Price

I never got. I loathed the society I met with at the music halls, and the histrionics demanded by the tastes of those who frequent such places was peculiarly distasteful to me. I saw the seamy side of a married life with a vengeance."

During all this time Mrs. Worth was quietly pursuing her way as a soldier of the Hammersmith Corps, which she was appointed Ward Sergeant, J. S. Sergeant, and ultimately Band of Love Sergeant.

Baby Hyacinthe was left much to herself at this time, and it added bitterness to her mother's already very full cup that she was obliged to leave her a great deal in the care of people whose influence was anything but salutary to the opening mind of the clever little girl whose powers of imitation were fully developed.

#### To Powder "Like Anna"

was one of Hyacinthe's delights, and we have her in the accompanying sketch anointing her red-and-white cheeks preparatory to "dressing up," which was one of her favorite pastimes.

As she stood upon the chair facing the mirror Baby Hyacinthe was a picture of sparkling health.

Her toilette completed, she bounded away to array herself in mamma's hat and papa's gloves. Her father was away on tour, and to wear some garment belonging to him was one of her devices for making herself feel him near.

Through the open door of her dressing-room Florence could hear the shrill voice of her darling singing snatches of

#### Army Chorus,

caught from her lips when rocking her to sleep. The sound was melancholy music to the backslider, and yet she loved the memory of better days so dearly that she was often found humming them over her bed, and tried to hear them from the stainless lips of Baby Hyacinthe.

Florence never felt safe, however, when in the presence of that little pure soul, who seemed to lack nothing but a pair of wings to make her into an angel.

Looking at her little three-year-old daughter, and remembering how differently she used to meant to bring up the child, Florence asked herself bitterly how it would all end.

Would the innocent light in those sweet baby-eyes ever give place to the recklessness



"CLEARING THE DECKS."

